

*To the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR:*

*The Right Worshipful the ALDERMEN:*

*With the Commonalty of the City of LONDON, in their Common-Hall assembled:*

## The humble, and last Address O F

Sir *T H O. P L A Y E R* Senior,  
Chamberleyn of London.

*My Lord, and Gentlemen,*

**I** Have by the good providence of God over me, and your extraordinary kindness, served You in the Office of *CHAMBERLEYN* for above one and twenty years.

And now I am going to appear before the Righteous Judge of all the Earth, to give an account, not only of my whole life, but of the particular management of my self in that great Employment you so long since called me to, and have continued me so long in. I find through the grace of God, great joy and peace in my mind, for having endeavoured to my utmost to Serve you with all faithfulness and integrity; and my Joy is increased by Your continued acceptance of my upright and sincere Services.

If I have any troublesome or disturbing thoughts in the last minutes of my life, they arise only because I am not capable of Serving any longer so good Masters as you have been to me.

I have not expressions large enough to set forth the grateful sense I have of Your long love: For as I have been a careful and affectionate Father to the Orphans of this City, so have I found You most affectionate Masters unto me, alwayes encouraging my weak abilities in the work You set me about.

When I first entered upon the *Chambers* Employment, I found Your Cash very low, and your Credit much lower, and this made my dayes and nights a burden to me.

God Almighty will witness for me, the sorrows that I then endured, upon the consideration of the deplorable state of the *Chamber* of *LONDON*, and the hazards I then run, in ingaging my whole Credit, taking up mony upon my own Bond, to save some of your Orphans from ruine.

But God was pleased in a little time to recover Your Reputation; and that Reputation lasted till the destruction of your City by the late dreadful Fire, when I was with some difficulty carryed forth from the dismal Flames that were ready to seize this Hall.

I was then forc't to use all the honest arts I had to incourage Your Orphans, and others to whom You owed mony, who then feared their Portions would have been buried and lost in the rubbish of Your wasted City.

That difficulty also I have seen overcome, and I have lived some years to see Your *City* and Your *Chamber* rise up together more beautiful then before.

And now I have beheld this, what can I desire more in this World, but that as You have accepted my poor past Services, so You will accept my hearty and unfeigned Thanks, together with my most ardent Prayers that You may still be a glorious City, and that your past miseries and desolations, may be the last that you may ever see.

And if the testimony of your dying *Chamberleyn* may have any credit with You, That my Son (who hath been a Freeman of this City near 32 years) of whose honest and industrious assisting of me in my declining years I have had great experience, and of whose faithfulness and ability I go out of the world with great confidence) may stand fair before You in his Election to succeed in my Office; Which I surrender to You from whom I first received it.

Given under my Hand this thirteenth day of *November*, 1672.